

13 A. h. 1

THE
Accomplish'd Maid:
A
COMIC OPERA.

As it is Performed at the
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.
By Ed^d Toms.
THE MUSIC BY
SIG^{nr}. NICCOLÒ PICCINI.

Virtue never will be mov'd
Tho' Lewdness court it in the Shape of Heav'n.
SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N :
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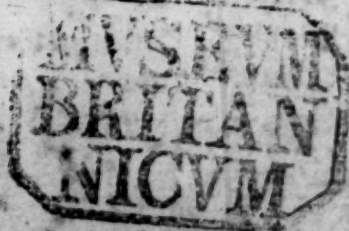
Dramatis Personæ.

- Lord Bellmour, in Love } Mr. Mattocks.
with Fanny.
- Sir John Lofty, contracted } Mr. Du-Bellamy.
to Lady Lucy.
- Kreigsmann, a German Of- } Mr. Shuter.
ficer.
- Robin, a Gardener, in Love } Mr. Dibdin.
with Fanny.
- Lady Lucy, Sister to Lord } Mrs. Pinto.
Bellmour.
- Fanny, her Chambermaid, a } Mrs. Mattocks.
Foundling.
- Finet, Governess to Lady } Mrs. Thompson.
Lucy.
- Susan, a Dairy-Maid, in } Mrs. Baker.
love with Robin.
- An old Woman, Nurse to Fanny.

Sportsmen, Servants, Ruffians, &c.

S C E N E

At, and near, Lord Bellmour's Country Seat.



P R E.

P R E F A C E.

THIS drama is a translation from the celebrated Italian comic opera of Goldoni, called *La Buona Figliuola*; which, as it owes its origin to an English story, I hope it will not be thought presumptuous to endeavour to restore it to its native country, with all those additional embellishments it has received by travel; I mean, that of being formed into an opera, by so celebrated a writer as Goldoni; and that greatest improvement, Italy is capable of bestowing on it, in being set to music, by that inimitable composer, Signor Niccolò Piccini.

Goldoni, in his preface, says; “ To
“ render a performance worthy the regard
“ and attention of the lovers of the thea-
“ tre, he had chosen a story wherein
“ the most amiable character of inno-
“ cence, was blended with the lighter co-
“ mic ones; to raise those laudable sensa-
“ tions in the mind, which create the
“ mixture of *Utility* and *Delight*.”

This translation is attempted, so as to be sung to the original music, as performed in Italy; wherefore, the versification

tion, it is hoped, will be considered, as subservient to the musical expression ; and of course cannot have that perfect harmony in poetry, which otherwise might have been given to it, had it been free from that restriction. As the music of this opera, has always been esteemed the most capital work of that great composer Piccini, the translator thought it more just, to give up the claim to poetical harmony, rather than make the least infringement on the musical accent. He likewise flatters himself, that it will not be less acceptable to an English audience, by the dialogue's being without the incumbrance of recitative. All other alterations, are made only to adapt it to the English stage ; by giving to some characters, such employments in life, as are more suitable to the customs of our own country.

Should this first attempt of bringing an entire Italian musical composition on the English stage, by applying our language to the harmony of their most eminent composer, prove acceptable to the public ; the translator's intention is fully answered, as it may be the means of exciting some abler genius to tread the same path.

T H E

Accomplish'd Maid.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Garden. FANNY discovered at a Distance
gathering Flowers.

***H**OW delightful is the morning,
Nature's richest stores adorning
All the gay enamell'd ground;
Herbs and flow'rs each sense regaling,
Ev'ry breeze rich odours stealing,
Spreads the grateful fragrance round.*

How bountiful has Providence been, in allotting me such humane benefactors! who by kindness convert misfortune to a blessing, and prevent every painful reflection which I must feel, in not knowing the place of my birth, or who my parents were.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Good morrow to you Fanny.

Fan. Robin, good morning to you.

Rob. What are you about? I saw you busy, and am come to help you.

B

Fan.

Fan. I thank you, I was only gathering a few flowers for my lady's dressing room, and I think these will be sufficient. How beautiful they look! how sweet they smell! what pity they should fade so soon.

Rob. They are indeed very pretty; but there's a flower that when it is properly cultivated, is much more beautiful, and more lasting; but I'm afraid you don't know it.

Fan. Oh dear! tell me the name of it.

Rob. 'Tis called the flower of love.

Fan. I never heard of it; where does it grow? I long to carry some to my lady.

Rob. It is indeed scarce, but I'll tell you where it may be found, and how you may know it.

*When you discover,
A faithful Lover,
Who from his truth will ne'r depart;
Then's in your power,
Love's choicest flower,
If grafted in an honest heart.*

Fan. If that's the flower, I believe it is scarce enough, I remember now to have heard of it; but they told me, that tho' it look'd so very pretty, it was dangerous to gather; so I never sought after it; and the description given, was quite the reverse of yours.

*When men pursuing,
Girls to their ruin,
Boast that love's flow'r in the heart sweetly blows;
Tho' they protest and swear,
Maids shun the subtle snare,
None e'er could tell where constancy grows.*

Rob.

Rob. There's a flower something like it, which is reckon'd a poison; but the true one you will find in the heart of your faithful Robin: take it, my dear Fanny, and—

Fan. Hush, Robin; I can hear no more of this language; I have told you my sentiments before, and beg you will desist.

Rob. What have you no pity?

Fan. Yes, as much as you can desire.

Rob. And no love?

Fan. Yes, and love too, if you will be content with that which I should give to a brother, or a friend; the only love I can receive, and the only one I can give in return; let me desire therefore you will rest satisfied, that I so far take kindly your well meant professions, that should it ever be in my power to shew my sense of them, you shall see I will not be ungrateful.

Rob. And may I then hope, my dear Fanny?

Fan. Mistake me not, good Robin! your love I can never requite, but with friendship; deceive not yourself by an expectation of what can never happen: that affection which is lost upon me, may make some other happy: and one perhaps, who by being better qualified to make you so, may better deserve that affection. Good morning to you. [*Exit.*]

Rob. Unkind girl, good day to you. Well, I don't despair; tho' she now only promises to love me as a brother, who knows but one day we may be nearer related.

*I did not mean the love,
Which friends and kindred prove;
If that is all she'll give,
I'll strive content to live.*

4 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

*Perhaps a brother's tender name,
In time may light a kinder flame ;
And sister change for life,
To dear and loving wife.*

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Another Part of the Garden.

Enter FANNY, and Lord BELLMOUR, meeting.

L. Bell. Ah ! Fanny here ! fortunate opportunity. You are abroad early this morning, Fanny.

Fan. My lord, I have been gathering these flowers for my lady's dressing room, against she rises.

L. Bell. You are a good girl, and the diligent attention you constantly pay to our service shall not be unrewarded.

Fan. The least remissness in duty, my lord, to benefactors, who have been so liberal, would be wholly unpardonable : especially as duty is the only return I can make for your bounty.

L. Bell. What has been already done, Fanny, it but little compar'd to what I wish still to do for you, and I hope you will be grateful.

Fan. I hope, my Lord, I ever shall be so ; has your lordship any commands ?

L. Bell. Why in such haste to be going ?

Fan. To carry these flowers.—

L. Bell. Oh, you have time enough for that ; my sister is no early riser, and I have something to say—Tell me, Fanny, have you ever been in love ?

Fan. My lord !

L. Bell. Come, my sweet girl, let me hope the gratitude you shew in your constant endeavours

vours to please, is not without some mixture of a more tender nature, and that—

Fan. My lord, I humbly beg leave to go.

L. Bell. You must not, I cannot part with you—Oh, my hard fortune; that it should be disgraceful to my rank, to acknowledge a passion so well justified, by the charms of my fair one. My dear Fanny, tell me, should I love you with the utmost ardour and sincerity—Why do you tremble?

Fan. Forgive me, my Lord, I cannot stay—

L. Bell. You must, you shall, I will not lose this opportunity.

Fan. Indeed, my lord, I ought not, therefore excuse me, I will not stay.—(*Runs off.*)

L. Bell. Foolish girl! yet how graceful was her confusion? She must, she shall be mine. I may perhaps overtake her. [*Exit.*]

Enter SUSAN, with a Milk Pail.

*Oh! how cruel is my fate,
All my life thus to work like a slave;
Forc'd to labour early and late,
Neither pleasure, nor comfort I have.
A girl so young and so tender,
Some help, Oh quickly lend her,
To carry so heavy a weight.
Oh! how cruel is my fate,
Forc'd to labour early and late.*

Oh dear! 'twas not always so; time was, when Robin would have carried my pails, and have thanked me into the bargain; but he is turned false-hearted, and has left me for an upstart minx—Hey ho!

Enter

6 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. How vexatious ! she flew like lightning. Ha ! this wench is Fanny's companion ; her assistance may be useful—Suppose I forget my rank a while—O tyrant love ! to what condescensions and little artifices dost thou reduce us ?—How do you do, Susan ?

Su. Thank your honor, I am very well.

L. Bell. You look as fresh as a new blown rose this morning.

Su. Your honour is pleased to joke me.

L. Bell. Indeed I don't, set down your pails--- I have something to say to you.

Su. La, your honour, the milk will be cold.

L. Bell. Pshaw ! set it down—I stand in need of your assistance.

Su. Suppose he should be in love with me.
(*Aside.*)

L. Bell. But before I trust you with the affair, tell me, and tell me sincerely, was you ever in love ?

Su. Sir !—so, so—
(*Aside.*)

L. Bell. Do you know what it is to be in love ?

Su. Why—why—

L. Bell. Come, come, tell me.

Su. Why—yes, Sir.

L. Bell. And can you pity the pangs that lovers feel ?

Su. Yes, Sir.

L. Bell. Then hear me—but I charge you be secret.

Su. Yes, I will, Sir—'Tis plain enough, he is in love with me.
(*Aside.*)

L. Bell.

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 7

L. Bell. I am deeply enamour'd—and it is in your power—

Su. Your honour may command me freely.

L. Bell. Very well—I love—

Su. Yes; so your honour said before.

L. Bell. And dost thou know the beauteous object of my passion?

Su. I believe Sir, I can guess.

L. Bell. As you hope for my future favours, I charge you be secret.

Su. Oh, yes; I never tells tales.

L. Bell. I love Fanny to distraction.

Su. Fanny!—(*Looks disappointed and confused.*)

L. Bell. You are intimate with her; among yourselves, you girls, often talk of your admirers; do you privately mention my passion to her, and persuade her to make me a proper return. I have attempted to tell her, but she ran from me, to avoid giving an answer—perhaps she will not be backward in speaking her mind to you.

Su. Please your honour—I must make bold to tell you—tho' I am but a poor, simple, girl—I don't care to do any such thing.

L. Bell. Pooh! silly; why won't you oblige me? it will make me your friend for ever, and I will reward you beyond your wishes.

Su. Then Sir, to be sure, I will do what your honour commands.

L. Bell. Tell her she has inspired me with a passion, whose violence I cannot resist,—tell her, that her charming eyes have captivated my heart; tell her I doat upon her, and cannot live without her.

Su. Yes, your honour; I'll be sure to say so—but if I am not even with them. (*Aside.*)

(*Curtseys and retires, watching.*)

8 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

L. Bell. How absolute a tyrant is this passion! I almost blush to be thus subdued, and yet am proud of it—'Tis an infatuation bordering upon phrenzy—reason has no power, every word and thought is fondness and Fanny.

*While her charms my thoughts employ,
All is rapture, all is joy ;
When she speaks how sweet to hear,
Modest, graceful, and sincere :
In her lovely shape and face,
Center ev'ry charm and grace ;
Sure never nymph was half so fair.*

*Not the idle, giddy, vain,
Nor the wanton flirting train,
Did my cautious heart ensnare ;
Not their artful subtle wiles,
Nor their soft deluding smiles,
Charming Fanny triumphs there.*

[Exit.

SUSAN, comes forward.

Su. Tell her, speak to her—yes, to be sure!—thank you for nothing; I am not such a fool neither—they say love is blind, so it seems truly—for I think I have as good pretensions to a gentleman sweet heart, as any girl in the parish. The men are all bewitched, I believe both high and low—I'll be revenged of my lord, I'll warrant him, for I'll go and tell my lady.

Enter Sir John LOFTY.

Sir John. Good morrow, pretty lass.

Su. Your servant, Sir.

Sir

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 9

Sir John. Do you belong to this house?

Su. Yes, Sir.

Sir John. Is your lady stirring?

Su. I can't tell, Sir; I have been out of the house a long while.

Sir John. Will you enquire; and if she is let her know I am impatient to have the honour of seeing her?

Su. Who must I say you are, Sir?

Sir John. Say, Sir John Lofty is come to wait on her.

Su. Oh la, this is the Gentleman she is going to be married to. This is so lucky! the charmingest opportunity to send it round to my lady--- Adod I'll venture. (*Aside.*) I make bold to wish you much joy, Sir; I will let my lady know directly; she is goodness itself; you will be vastly happy with her: Heaven blefs you both together, I say!--but I'm afraid---'tis a great pity to be sure---I am very sorry for it --but 'tis not her fault poor lady.

Sir John. Ha! what does the wench mean?

Su. Sir---I scorn to speak ill of any body; but---if you knew all, Sir---'tis no business of mine---your servant, Sir.

Sir John. This must mean something sure!--I'll humour it. (*Aside.*) Come hither child, and tell me what is the matter; here's something to buy you a top-knot,

Su. Thank you, Sir---Why, Sir, you must know---but you won't tell?

Sir John. No no.

Su. My lord will never forgive me,---if he should know that I told any body.

Sir John. He shall know nothing of the matter.

10 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Su. For, to be sure, it does not become servants to be tittle tattling of their masters and mistresses affairs, and telling the secrets of a family to strangers, you know, Sir.

Sir John. Well well; but you may tell it to me; it seems to concern me.

Su. It does indeed, Sir; you are going to be one of the family, and so there can be no harm in it.

Sir John. Not in the least, let me know what it is.

Su. And so I think I may venture to tell you; but I would not willingly do a wrong thing for the whole world.

Sir John. Come come---keep me no longer in suspense.

Su. You must know, Sir; that my lord is fallen desperately in love.---

Sir John. Pooh!---is that all?

Su. All Sir! yes Sir.

Sir John. Well, and who is the lady?

Su. The lady, Sir?---Ay!---that's the case.---
She is no lady, Sir, I assure you.

Sir John. What is she?

Su. A strange girl, that was brought up by charity, Sir, and no body can tell who she belongs to.

Sir John. Indeed!

Su. My lady took her into the house, to learn to be a servant; and my master is fallen so desperately in love with her, that I verily believe he intends to marry her, Sir.

Sir John. How! to marry her! Is that possible?

Su. I assure you 'tis very true, Sir.---I think I shall be even with him now.

[*Aside.*

Sir

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 11

Sir John. But child, how should you know this?

Su. Sir I heard him say so his own self.

Sir John. Ay!--should it prove so, I must consider well before I take his sister for a wife.

Su. I am so sure that I am ready to take my Bible oath of it.

*Search thro' the world, Sir, you never will find,
A girl more discreet, or to truth more inclin'd:
Envy and malice, I boldly defy
To prove that I slander, or flatter, or lie.
My simple master---but I'll say no more,
That wheedling creature---I've told you before.*

*That's all I say,
I wish you good day,
For I cannot stay.*

[Exit.

Sir John. Strange! that people should debase their rank and birth!--It behoves me to use deliberation---Tho' I sincerely love lady Lucy, and am perfectly satisfied with the choice I have made; yet, if this girl's tale be true, such an alliance will bring disgrace upon my antient family---perhaps 'tis not too late to prevent it; I will immediately try; and endeavour to act with a dignity becoming a descendant from illustrious ancestors.

*Love and beauty mildly reigning,
Gently sooth my captive heart;
Rigid honour, both disdaining,
Fiercely plays a tyrant's part.*

*Fondest love we may controul,
Or by time, or absence cure;
Sacred honour in the soul,
Should unstain'd thro' life endure.*

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Salon, with a Prospect of the Garden.

Enter Lady Lucy.

L. Lu. How agreeable is this abode of peace and tranquility! how infinitely preferable to the noise and bustle of the town. Here we breathe the purest air, and enjoy the beauties of nature in perfection. Yet cannot I be happy, while the object of my love is absent; his presence would brighten every prospect, and compleat my joy.

*Bring, ye tedious hours,
The man my heart adores,
My love sick soul to cheer;
Retir'd from pomp and noise,
We'll taste the tranquil joys
Untainted, flowing here.*

Enter FINET.

Fin. My lady, Sir John Lofty is come to wait on your ladyship.

L. Lu. Run, fly; tell him I am impatient to see him.

Fin. Ay, to be sure! my lady is in a great hurry. *[Aside and Exit.]*

L. Lu. How sweet is the assurance of a reciprocal affection! I may, truly, think my lover's heart doth perfectly sympathize with mine, he comes so opportunely to my wish.

Enter

Enter Sir JOHN and FINET.

Fin. Pray walk in, Sir---Bless me! how can a man move so slow towards his bride?

L. Lu. Good morning to you, Sir John.

Sir John. Lady Lucy, your servant.

L. Lu. Bless me! are you not well? your countenance has lost its usual chearfulness.

Fin. Indeed, I think so too; he looks quite stupified.

L. Lu. Pray inform me, what is it affects you?

Sir John. I am to ask your ladyship's pardon;---something indeed hangs heavy on my mind. My temper ought to be known to you. When strong suspicion makes my heart uneasy, I cannot, I would not wish to conceal it; but let my countenance always declare my real sentiments.

Fin. Have I liv'd to see one sincere man! To be sure he is a prodigy! [*Aside.*]

L. Lu. What can this mean? Suspensions! of whom? pray explain yourself.

Sir John. I am informed your brother is in love with a low bred girl.

L. Lu. My brother!

Sir John. Nay, more; that he is so extravagantly infatuated, 'tis to be fear'd he will disgrace his noble family, by marrying her.

L. Lu. Is it possible? who is she?

Sir John. One in the house, whose parents are unknown. Is there not such a person?

L. Lu. There is; yet I know not how to suspect her of an indiscretion---Are you well informed?

Sir

Sir John. I think I am.

L. Lu. I hope it will not prove so : the girl has a prudence uncommon at her years ; and I think I know my brother's principles too well. Yet, supposing he should imprudently yield to the force of an unruly passion, and demean himself by so unequal a match ; would his actions deprive me of your affections ?

Sir John. I know not—the question is too nice—I cannot at present determine—allow me some time to consider. I love you with the tenderest, the sincerest passion ; I doat on you to distraction ; and the thought of losing you is insupportable. Yet I ought not to bring disgrace on my antient family. Endeavour, before it is too late, to prevent this misfortune ; and think how strong that motive must be, which can tear me from you. *[Exit.*

L. Lu. Amazement deprives me of the power of speech.

Fin. Why, my lady, this agrees exactly with a thing that Susan told me happened in the garden, this morning. My lord wanted to bribe her to assist him.

I. Lu. Indeed !

Fin. Notwithstanding Fanny's demure looks, in your ladyship's presence, I believe she has more mischief in her heart, than we are aware of, and more art to disguise it.

L. Lu. Can such be the return for all my care ! have I nursed a serpent in my bosom to sting me in the tenderest part ! must I, for her, lose the man I love !

Fin. There is seldom any good comes of educating girls above their station in life.

L. Lu. Where is she ?

Fin.

Fin. I will send her to you, and I hope your ladyship will severely reprimand the forward creature.

*I hate a proud, a saucy flirt,
Who flaunts about so gay and vain:
Shall paltry girls, who sprung from dirt,
A noble lord presume to gain?
No longer now among girls we see,
Proportion kept in due degree,
All ape the airs of quality.
The lisp of the tongue, the tottering tread;
The flirt of the fan, the toss of the head;
They giggle, and stare at, whoever they meet;
And look so affected, it shocks one to see't.*

[Exit.

L. Lu. I'll send the girl from hence immediately; she shall be reduced to her original state of penury and want, to mortify her pride and ambition. To avoid a rupture with my brother, I must stifle my anger a while. Some excuse must be thought of. Here she comes---How innocent she looks! The artful hypocrite! But passion would demean me; for the sake both of my pride, and love, prudence must direct at present.

Enter FANNY.

Fan. In obedience to your ladyship's commands—

L. Lu. Come hither, Fanny! I hope I shall always find you as good a girl, as you have hitherto proved, and ready to oblige me.

Fan. Your ladyship makes me blush to hear you speak so; my study and delight, is to receive, and obey your commands.

L. Lu.

L. Lu. Very well. In return for your good behaviour, I would not willingly omit any opportunity that offers for your advancement; I have none in my own family; but my sister Laura has taken a great liking to you, and desired me to send you to wait upon her; I have promised so to do.

Fan. Alas!

[*Aside.*

L. Lu. Why don't you speak?

Fan. If your ladyship does not chuse to keep me any longer---I am sorry my earnest endeavours to please, are not acceptable---since your ladyship does not approve my services-----

L. Lu. That is not the point. I only part with you to my nearest relation, for your own immediate advantage.

Fan. You are always increasing my gratitude; but, if your ladyship pleases, I would much rather continue under your protection, than reap the largest benefits elsewhere.---

L. Lu. Do you say this from affection?

Fan. Indeed I do, I solemnly avow it.

L. Lu. If your affection for me, does not consist in professions only; shew the sincerity of it, by a ready obedience.

Fan. I humbly beg your ladyships pardon---but does my lord know?---

L. Lu. 'Tis no concern of his; go, and get ready immediately.

Fan. I will obey your ladyship---but should his lordship---

L. Lu. Am not I your mistress? Do as I command.

Fan. You are, indeed, my honoured mistress and benefactress; yet would it not be uncivil to go---

L. Lu.

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 17

L. Lu. What a civil lass you are grown! but no more words at your peril; get ready this instant.

Fan. I am most unhappy to have disobliged your ladyship.
(Weeps and is going.)

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. Fanny here! in tears! what can it mean! Where are you going? You look disturbed sister! what has happened?

Fan. My lord---her ladyship is displeased with me; why I know not --I am not conscious of any offence.

L. Lu. Dare you appeal from my commands!---Be gone this instant.

Fan. I obey.

See a poor, a friendless creature,

Never knew a parent's care;

'Tis too cruel thus to treat her.

Oh! 'tis more than I can bear.

Yes, my lady, I will go,

Since you please to have it so.

Tho' deserted, helpless, poor,

Tho' I beg from door to door,

Gracious Heav'n will not desert,

An innocent, an honest heart.

[Exit.

L. Bell. For Heaven's sake, what is the meaning of all this?

L. Lu. Nothing, but that my sister has desired me to send her Fanny; and I cannot with politeness, refuse the request; it will be greatly to the girl's advantage; and, as I shall soon leave

D

this

18 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

this place, there is no proper employment for her here.

L. Bell. But, my dear sister, there is a difficulty, you perhaps are not aware of---Suppose I don't chuse to part with her?

L. Lu. No! what can be the reason for so absurd---

L. Bell. No matter--here she shall stay.

L. Lu. Have you considered what the world will say?

L. Bell. The world is at liberty to say whatever it pleases; I despise it's censures or applause.

L. Lu. Indeed---very extraordinary this!---you shew a great regard for your sister.

L. Bell. I have ever shewn you the tenderest regard, and sincerest affection; as my sister, I highly esteem you; but, remember, I am, and will be, master of my own actions. [Exit.

L. Lu. So peremptory!---Sir John's intelligence was true then! My brother's designs are too evident, either to ruin the girl, or marry her. But it shall be my aim, by every means, to prevent his success in either: this obstacle to my wishes shall instantly be removed---Must my views of happiness give place to her's!---No---severely shall she feel the vengeance of a disappointed woman.

Come, dire revenge, inspire me,

Thy dreadful force employ;

Pride and resentment fire me,

To blast their blooming joy.

Come fury, rage, disdain,

With all your fatal train;

Ruin, destruction, let them prove,

Ere I lose the man I love.

[Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

A Thicket, with a View of the Country.

Enter FINET and SUSAN.

Fin. You are sure you cannot tell where Fanny is gone ?

Su. Indeed I can't ; she went out crying, but I don't know which way ; however, I am heartily glad her tricks are found out at last,

Fin. I never knew these upstart favourites come to any good ; her mock-modesty had so far gain'd upon my lady, that no other servant was regarded ; and nothing was right, forsooth, but what she said and did.

Su. I wish she was an hundred miles off, with all my heart ; she is continually followed by all the young fellows hereabout.

Fin. I can't endure such forward sluts !

Su. There's Robin the gardener who used to be very fond of me, has quite forsaken me, and is always dangling after her. I wonder what they can see in her, for my part.

Fin. Men have no taste, now a-days !---to admire such a little paltry chit ! that no body knows.

Su. I have heard she was found quite an infant, by the road side ?

Fin. She was so ; and I wish my good old lady had sent her to the parish work-house ; she would not then have been the cause of so much mischief, and set the family in such an uproar.

Su. To be sure her parents must be thieves, to leave her in that manner.

Fin. I believe she is some gipsy's brat.---

Su. Hush !---As I am alive, here she comes---
let us watch her.

Enter FANNY.

QUINTETTO.

Fan. Forlorn I wander, scorn'd, rejected,
By ev'ry former friend neglected;
Where e'er I go, a load I bear,
Of helpless life, and dark despair.

Su. } Pray, good madam, what are you doing ?
Fin. } Pray, dear madam, where are you going ?
Fan. Dearest friends, I cannot tell.
Adieu---fare well---
I go to find, a fate more kind---
A happier destiny,
Heaven has, I hope, in store for me. [*Going.*]

Su. } See the fruits of your intrigues,
Fin. } Get you gone a thousand leagues.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Stay, my dear---Ah ! Fanny, why
Will you from your true love fly ?

Fin. } Yes, 'tis certain she must go,
Su. } And her train of lovers too.

Fan. Can you so inhuman be,
To insult my misery :
Have you lost all charity ? }

Su. } We are sorry,
Fin. } Pray excuse the liberty. *Sneering.*

Rob. Come, my dear, and let me prove,
('Tis all I ask) a sister's love.

Fan. Come then, Robin, and be my friend ;
A poor, a helpless girl defend.

Su.

Su. } Robin, pray take her, and lead her away,
 Fin. } His lordship, no doubt, her protector will
 pay—
 Go on, foolish cully----for what do you stay?
 Booby, booby, take her away.
 Rob. Is she my lord's!
 Su. } Yes, 'tis true---
 Fin. } The dainty bit is not for you.
 Rob. Stay there, stay there, stay where you are,
 Of other Men's girls I'll take no care.
 Fan. In my ruin, all things join,
 All the world 'gainst me combine.

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L.Bell. Will you leave me, cruel fair!
 Thus abandon'd to despair!
 Where dost thou go? Ah! tell me where? }
 Su. } With the gardner, Sir, we guess;
 Fin. } He's the happy, happy swain;
 He alone her heart could gain.
 L.Bell. With Robin!
 Su. } Yes, Sir, yes.
 Fin. }
 L.Bell. Hence, ungrateful wretch, be gone!
 All my tender thoughts are flown;
 Now you'll find, when 'tis too late,
 Gentle love will turn to hate.
 Fan. What will, alas! become of me,
 Expos'd to want and misery?
 L.Bell. Go to thy happy swain.
 Rob. Go to my Lord again.
 Su. } Charming, charming; how they snub her!
 Fin. } I wish, with all my heart, they'd drub her.
 Fan. Hear my lord---
 L.Bell. No; get ye gone.

Fan.

Fan. *Hear me, you---*

Rob. *No; I have done.*

Fan. *Hear me, friends, for charity.*

Su. } *We're very sorry*

Fin. } *Pardon our temerity.*

Sneering.

Fan. *Do you then no pity know?---*

L.Bell. } *Go---*

Su. } *None to you will pity shew.*

Fin. } *With one lover not content,*

Rob. } *Now your jilting you'll repent.*

All } *None to you will pity shew,*

Four. }

Fan. *Gracious heaven some pity shew.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Wood.**Enter Lord BELLMOUR.*

L. Bell. Where can she be! Oh! cursed foolish jealousy! My impetuous temper too hastily took fire; like a mad man, I spurned her from me, and now find her innocent. I feel I cannot live without her; nor will I rest, till I have discovered her.

Where is my dearest Fanny gone!

Where is the lovely wand'rer flown?

How could my stubborn heart,

Act such a rigid part?

Barbarous fate! fortune severe!

Where is my love? Ah tell me where. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter Sir John LOFTY and FANNY, guarded by some armed Men.

Sir John. Conduct this creature carefully to town: and deliver her safe to the person to whom this letter is directed.

Fan. Hear me, Sir, in pity.

Sir John. Away with her this instant, and your reward shall equal your diligence. [Exit.

Fan. Alas, alas, what will become of me.

[Exeunt.

24 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. O! poor dear Fanny, what are they going to do with her?---What a fool was I to believe such a story! I must be jealous truly! and so have lost her---Ay, I deserve it. I will follow and see what becomes of her, tho' I die for it.

---Here are some gentlemen shooting; I will ask them to help me to take her away from them. [*Enter some sportsmen.*] Let me beseech you, good gentlemen, to have compassion upon an innocent girl, and save her from villains; they have carried away my poor sister; and I am afraid they will murder her.

1st Sports. Which way are they gone?

Rob. By that tree.

2d. Sports. How long since?

Rob. This moment, they are hardly out of sight; this way you will soon overtake them; I'll shew you! [*Exeunt.*]

Fanny and her guard are seen at the farther end of the stage, [Enter the sportsmen,] and they attack them. Fanny runs to the front of the stage; the guards are beaten off, and one of them drops his sword.

Fan. Robin has procur'd my liberty; but my unkind lord has cruelly abandoned me to distress and persecution.

Rob. My dear Fanny!

Fan. You have preserv'd my life.

Rob. May I now hope you will love me?

Fan. Give me time to recover myself---I am greatly terrified.

Rob.

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 25

Rob. Come home with me, and rest yourself.---Gentlemen, I return you a thousand thanks.

1st Sportsf. Take care of your sister for the future.

2d Sportsf. Where do you live?

Rob. At Bellmour-Hall.

1st Sportsf. Oh!---Here's my lord.

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

2d Sportsf. Your lordship's most obedient.

L. Bell. Gentlemen, your most humble servant---Ha! Fanny here? [*Aside.*]

1st Sportsf. Does this pretty lass belong to your lordship?

L. Bell. Yes, Sir---How came she here?

2d Sportsf. Some men were forcing her away, and we have prevented them.

L. Bell. I am much obliged to you.

1st Sportsf. We are glad to have done any service that is acceptable to your lordship, and wish you a good day.

L. Bell. I return you many thanks,---I wish you good sport.

2d Sportsf. You seem to promise yourself some, or I am much mistaken.--- [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt sportsmen.*]

L. Bell. My dear girl how happy am I to have found you; come with me, and I will defend you against all future attempts.

[*Exit with Fanny.*]

Rob. Oh la! Oh la! Must I bear all this? He has snatch'd the precious morsel out of my mouth, when I thought I was quite sure of it. I saved her from being run away with; and

E

when

when I had fairly coursed her down, comes another, and snaps her up.---What plaguy ill luck! ---I shall go mad for vexation---I am quite desperate---I'll go and hang myself, or drown myself---or---no---I'll kill myself with this sword I am determined, for what is life without Fanny?

*Oh! my Fanny, thy true swain,
Will for thee his life resign---
But, my trembling heart says no---
Pray forbear, ah! don't do so---
Rise my courage, fear defy---
Now I am resolv'd to die.*

[Going to stab himself.

Enter KREIGSMAN.

Kreigf. Hault!---[*Stops him.*] Der Divel! Vat is dis?

Rob. Pray, Sir, let me alone; I am a desperate man.

Kreigf. You be ein coward, ein boldroon, to run dyself drew for tes bair---If thou wilt tie as cin clever onest mans, come to dee vars, and tie as ein soldier.

Rob. Yes---captain,---I will go along with you, and turn soldier, 'tis the only way to forget Fanny.

Kreigf. Aw! Vat is dat Fanny?

Rob. 'Tis a very pretty young girl, that I am in love with---and I have lost her.

Kreigf. Vat! Vil dee English mans pee in tes bair for des Oomans! De Germans care nichts apout 'em: dey vil tie in de vars vid onnor, put never for sicht tryfels. Come, come vid me---dere pe Oomans enough every vere.

Rob.

Rob. Pray Sir who are you?

Kreigs. I pe a good soldier, dat serve mein general, I have been in England before, and now become again to search for *ein yoong ferr*.

Rob. I don't understand you; but be what you will, I'll go along with you; I can't bear to stay here---it was too cruel to snatch her away, just when---

Kreigs. Friend, friend; tinck nicht more of dee Oomans, come vid me to de vars, and thou shalt pe happy; in de camb, dere pe all kind of teversions.

*Dere pe de drumbets, horns, and trums,
Dere pe guittars, and dere pe fifes,
And dey altogetther blay;*

*Dere the nimpel lasses comes,
Singing, tancing, night and tay.*

*Ven de enemy pe var,
Trinka vine vid cholly poys;*

*If de enemy come near,
Den pe hush, and make no noise.*

Come to de camb, trive love away;

I'll go to vight, put you may stay:

Trink, and sing, and tance, and blay;

And pe merry night and tay. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Parlour.

Enter Lady LUCY and Sir JOHN LOFTY.

L. Lu. And so, you have conveyed the troublesome girl away?

Sir John. I have sent her guarded to town, where she will be closely confined; and my lord shall never see her more.

E 2

L. Lu.

L. Lu. May I believe you are now satisfied ?

Sir John. Yes, my dearest life, I am quite easy and happy.

L. Lu. I wish you always so, but for me---

Sir John. What means your ladyship ?

L. Lu. I fear the fickleness of your temper ; I must confess you had reason to be offended, but not with me. A sincere and encouraged lover, should not have made any action of my brother's, a pretence to forsake me.

Sir John. Forsake you ! I never had the least intention---

L. Lu. You surely seem'd to threaten it, as if--

Sir John. Forgive me. Passion too often makes us propose things in haste, which in our cooler moments we find impossible to execute. This nice trial of my heart, has only convinced me, that I adore you with a sincerity and vehemence, which will triumph over every other consideration.

*Tho' in my breast contending
Tumultuous passions roll ;
The conflict here is ending ;
Love has possess'd my soul.*

[Exit.

L. Lu. What he says is reasonable ; but I must be fully satisfied, that his love and regard for me, is free from all reserve.

Enter FINET and SUSAN, talking softly to each other.

Su. Well, I vow, I could never have thought of such a strange thing happening.

Fin.

Fin. I dont know how to tell it to my lady, it will be very disagreeable to her.

Su. We may tell it between us.

L. Lu. What is the meaning of that whispering?

Fin. Madam, does your ladyship know that Fanny---

L. Lu. Yes, yes; I know she is gone from hence.

Fin. But since that---do you tell the rest.
[To Susan.]

L. Lu. Has any thing particular happened?

Su. Yes, and please your ladyship; soon after she was sent away---I have begun, now 'tis your turn.
[To Finet.]

L. Lu. Why do you hesitate? Speak out.

Fin. Your ladyship must know---

L. Lu. What must I know?

Fin. That she is come back again.

L. Lu. How! Come back again?

Su. Yes, my lady.

L. Lu. Come back again!---Why?---Thro' what means?---Where is she?

Su. My lord has locked her up.

L. Lu. Is it possible, Sir John would deceive me? Or has my head-strong brother used some violence?

Fin. I wish they don't both deceive you.

L. Lu. Run you, and find out Sir John; tell him I wish to speak with him this instant.

[To Fin.]

Fin. Yes, my Lady.

L. Lu. Go you to my brother, and tell him, I desire the favour of seeing him directly.

[To Susan.]

Su.

30 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Su. I'll go this minute.

L. Lu. Yet stay---come back again---I have not yet determined what I shall say, I must consider---first let me know what Fanny is doing; from thence I may form some judgment how to proceed.

Fin. We are gone, madam.---Come along.

[*Exeunt both.*]

L. Lu. Be quick and bring me word here; that done, it will be time enough to go to Sir John, and my brother. What can I determine? How shall I act? That it should be in the power of such a creature, to give vexation to a heart like mine!

Re-enter FINET.

D U E T T O.

Fin. Thro' the key-hole I was peeping,
There I saw the girl a weeping;
First she rav'd, and then look'd sad
I believe she's gone stark mad. [Exit.]

Re-enter SUSAN.

Su. Round the room, I saw her walking,
Wringing thus her hands and talking;
Then she'd stop, and wildly stare,
Like a creature in despair. [Exit.]

Re-enter FINET.

Fin. Look, I see his lordship come,
He is hast'ning to the room;
Some glad tidings sure he bears,
That will dry his fav'rite's tears.

Re-

Re-enter SUSAN.

Su. *Tho' I met my lord just now,
Yet I could not speak, I vow;
Nor have I the message told,---
He might think I was too bold.*

Fin. *See Fanny's coming out!--
Where can she be roving?*

Su. *His lordship follows quick,---
They seem very loving.*

Both. *Tis an intricate affair,
We had better to declare, } [Aside.
We'll have nothing more to do.
Madam, we are forc'd to own, }
There is nothing can be done, }
Please to give us leave to go. } [Exeunt.*

L. Lu. Perplexing beyond measure! I wish to avoid disobliging my brother---some expedient must be devised---I will see Sir John, and ask his counsel; he will not surely forsake me, after the solemn vows and protestations he has so repeatedly made.

*I know his soul disdains,
All falshood, fraud and art;
Strick honour nobly reigns,
Triumphant in his heart. [Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Chamber.*

Lord BELLMOUR, and FANNY, discovered.

Fan. My lord, I humbly beg permission to go.

L. Bell. Where?

Fan.

Fan. To throw myself at my lady's feet, and implore her forgiveness for the confusion and uneasiness which I have innocently occasioned.

L. Bell. You shall not do it,---her present warmth of temper, may influence her to treat you in such a manner, as her cooler reason would, I am confident, disdain,

Fan. Yet surely, my lord, I ought to try : if she insists upon my going, I cannot stay : as her servant, 'tis my duty to obey her.

L. Bell. My dear Fanny, you are very good.

Fan. Pardon me, my lord, I fear I do not merit your praise, or I should have gone, without hesitation, to Lady Laura ; and, (altho' her severe temper terrifies me,) I should not have caused such disturbance in a family, where I lay under the highest obligations.

L. Bell. 'Tis but a momentary storm, raised by an exception and a hasty lover's breath.

Fan. That alone is a sufficient reason for my going ; ought I to interrupt the happiness of my benefactress ? I own myself wrong, I have acted in a very unbecoming manner ; but will instantly make all the reparation in my power.

L. Bell. Come, come, no more of this ; my sister is out of the Question ; she is very soon going ; and you shall stay and command here.

Fan. My lord ?---

L. Bell. Say you will love me, and I will place you above the reach of malice or reproach : my whole fortune shall be at your disposal.

Fan. For goodness sake, my lord, no more.

L. Bell. Come, my charmer, say you will consent, and seal it with a kiss.

Fan.

Fan. Pray, my lord, forbear, lest I forget the respect due to you.

L. Bell. Equipage and splendor shall attend you.

Fan. I disdain them. Tho' poor and friendless, I will not purchase grandeur with infamy.

L. Bell. 'Tis in vain to deny me---you must---you must---

Fan. If you persist, I will fly from you, and shun you as my greatest enemy.

L. Bell. I'll follow you thro' the world.

Fan. For pity's sake, let me alone---good Heaven protect me !

*Off, my lord, pray forbear, let me go,
These are freedoms no maid must allow.
Too severe, too severe is the smart,
And the anguish that rends my poor heart.*

*Unhappy me, by ills enclos'd;
To ev'ry insult thus expos'd.
No, my lord, to virtue true,
All due respect I'll shew;
What honour dictates still pursue,
Away---unband me---let me go.*

[Exit.

L. Bell. How cowardly is vice ! This girl's superior virtue appears with such a dignity, that it makes me despicable to myself. How charming was her honest indignation ! Had I found her easy and complying, she might have gratified my passion ; but could not have raised my admiration ! Tyrant custom ! That denies her virtue the reward I would joyfully bestow ! Yet, to marry a woman, whom the world would treat with contempt---No, no,---it must not be---I cannot bear the thought---she shall go to my
F sister,

34 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

sister, and I will go to town; in the variety of amusements, I hope I shall soon forget her; she will be properly situated---and I shall--- I'll think no more; but give orders for my journey---and make my sister and her lover easy, by this conquest over my inclinations. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *A Court-yard before Lord Bellmour's House.*

Enter KREIGSMAN.

Kreigf. Aw! dis is de blace.

[Knocks at the gate.]

Enter a Servant.

Whose house is dis?

Serv. Sir!

Kreigf. Who is de maister of dis house?

Serv. Lord Bellmour, Sir.

Kreigf. Aw! Tas is right; I vou'd speak vid him.

Serv. I will let him know---my lord is coming this way. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

Kreigf. Are you de maister of dis house, *mein herr*?

L. Bell. Sir, the house is mine.

Kreigf. I vou'd sbake vid you.

L. Bell. I am at your service.

Kreigf. How long have you peen de master of it?

L. Bell. I inherited it of my father; it has been in my family many ages.

Kreigf. Aw! Tas is good. I have peen in dis condry before, and den der vas loose---

L. Bell.

L. Bell. Stay ; Sir, before you proceed, I must desire to know, why you ask these questions, and by whom commissioned ?

Kreigf. Py mein Badron.

L. Bell. Who is your patron ?

Kreigf. Ein, who ist not afraid or ashamed to pe known to all de lords in de worl—He is general of de cavalry, and ein Paron.

L. Bell. Very well—now proceed.

Kreigf. *Mein herr*—der vas—sday—how long ? Aw ? de many years bast—der vas—aw der divel—dis great blague to de Germans to sbake your English ; dake dese babers *mein herr*, dey will dalk blainer I pelieven dan me. (*Lord Bellmour inspects them.*) Aw ! If I pring mein general some good news, he will brefer me in de army, and I might come to pe ein general.

L. Bell. What do I see ?—and yet it cannot be—my fond hopes but mislead me—the time seems to correspond ; but then the name—'Tis worth enquiry, however, if you will follow me Monsieur—

Kreigf. Der divel ! *Me Monsieur !* I pein German—I pe nicht *Monsieur*—you must call me *herr*—never you call ein German *Monsieur*.

L. Bell. Well then, herr ! Go with me into the house ; I will send for a person, who can better satisfy your enquiries than myself.

Kreigf. Aw ! Vat berson ?

L. Bell. One that remembers every transaction in this family, for more than double the time your letters mention ; an elderly woman.

Kreigf. Ein old oomans ?

L. Bell. Ouy, *Monsieur*.

Kreigf. Der divel ! Ich nicht *Monsieur*.

L. Bell. I beg your pardon---but this woman---

36 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Kreigf. De old oomans nicht do mein Badron's
business---I vant de *young ferr*.

L. Bell. There is a young one too who may
perhaps---Fond busy hopes press not too far!

Kreigf. De young one---aw! Dat vill be
good---

L. Bell. Come, follow me.

Kreigf. Hark you friend---have you good
rhine vine in de house?

L. Bell. Yes, plenty.

Kreigf. Aw! Tas is right, to trinka de rhine
vine pe verry good for de healt.

L. Bell. You shall have as much as you
please.

Kreigf. Hark you, friend, is de *young ferr*
handsom?

L. Bell. Handsome!

*Come and see the lovely creature,
My delight, and pride of nature!
Sparkling eyes, to bliss inviting,
Ev'ry glance the heart delighting.
None with her we can compare,
She is the fairest of the fair.*

Ah! come in, come in Monsieur---

No, mein herr---excuse the word,

Let's be friends, put up your sword;

Trinka vine, be blyth and gay,

Sing, and drive old care away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. A Grove.

Enter FANNY.

To whom can I fly? Or who will now assist
me? From birth I have been the sport of for-
tune: O! When will it desist from persecuting
me?---Among all its cruelties, the base designs
of

of my lord, wound me the severest---(*Sighs*)
 Ungenerous man! to seek the ruin of a defenceless orphan!--I am weary and can go no farther. I will rest a while under the shadow of these trees---Did but I know my parents, I might fly to their protection; they would correct my unexperienced youth, if it has erred---But, ah! that happiness is denied, and I am quite destitute. My eyes grow heavy; I will indulge the call of friendly sleep, to ease my agitated mind; and may the guardian powers of innocence protect me.

*Come, balmy sleep, relieve my woes,
 In thy soft bands, my Eye-lids close;
 To my breast bring soft repose.* } [*Sleeps.*

Enter KREIGSMAN, and Lord BELLMOUR's Servant.

Serv. This was the way, my lord was informed, she went---if we could but find her.

Kreigf. Aw! And if she broves to pe de oomans I vant, I vill have de bleasure to kill mein badron vid choy.

Serv. Let us look farther on---

Kreigf. Aw! Who is dis? [*Seeing Fanny.*

Serv. 'Tis hër, and asleep---the very person we were looking for---Will you please, Sir, to stay here, and watch her, while I go and acquaint my lord? [*Exit.*

Kreigf. Yaw, yaw, Aw! *Mein schatz.*

Fan. (*Dreaming.*) Save me, fave me, dear papa!

Kreigf. Ich pelieven she call me---no---she is sleeven---Aw! sleeven on, *mein schatz.*

Fan. (*Dreaming.*) Come, and embrace your child.

Kreigf. Aw! I vill emprace vid dee.

Enter

38 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Enter FINET and SUSAN: they stand observing KREIGSMAN.

Kreigf. She is very hansum!

Fan. (Dreaming) Save your helpless child.

Kreigf. I pe ein happy German!—I feel—I nicht tell vat is de matter vid me.

Fan. (Dreaming) Dear papa, in pity come—

Kreigf. Dee boor little young ferr slauken, and call for her baba!—

Fin. So, so, fine doings, truly!

Su. Well done, foldier.

Fin. How came you here?

Kreigf. Oomans, vat do you vant here?

Su. He's a man of taste.

Kreigf. Oomans, begone—

Fan. (Waking) Where am I?—what man is that?

Su. And don't you know?

Fan. Pray, Sir, who are you?

Fin. Ah! you artful huffy!

Su. You need not make it so strange; we saw plain enough.

Fan. Indeed, indeed, I never saw him before.

Fin. In good truth, you are a very confident baggage.

Su. So, Mr. Soldier, you was amusing yourself with this young girl—

Kreigf. Der divel!—Vat is dat to you?—

Fin. Take her to the camp with you---

Kreigf. Vat de divel does de oomans vant?—Get you gone apout your pissiness.

Su. We have seen enough, Miss, to convince us.

Fan,

Fan. I cannot guess your meaning.

Fin. Poor innocent thing!

QUINTETTO.

Fin. } *Madam, we have seen it all,*

Su. } *As upon the bank you lay,*
With a soldier stout and tall,
You divert the hours away.

Fan. *Do I dream! How came I here?*
What's the matter? What d'ye say?
Ah! will fate be still severe!

Kreigf. *Dis young ferr pelong to mee,* [To *Fin.*
Get you gone, away, away; [and *Su.*
I vid her alone vil sday—

From mein badron I pe come, [To *Fan.*
For to pring you safely home.

Fan. *Pray who are you, Sir?*

Kreigf. *I'm a soldier—*

Fin. } *Your dear lover.*
Su. }

Kreigf. *I pe sent to—*

Fin. } *Yes, we saw you.*
Su. }

Kreigf. *Let me sbake—mein general—*

Fin. } *We can't believe you.*
Su. }

Kreigf. *He did send me—*

Fin. } *It is not true.*
Su. }

Kreigf. *Here to find—*

Fin. } *He don't know what to say.*
Su. }

Kreigf. *Blague confound you, get you away.*

Fan. *I don't know.*

Fin. } *But we know it well.*
Su. }

Fan.

Fan. *I was sleeping---*

Fin. } *And can you deny?*
Su. }

Fan. *I know nothing---*

Fin. } *Come, don't tell a lie.*
Su. }

Kreigf. *Blague confound you, get away.*

Fin. } *Saucy fellow, scurvy knave!* [To him.
Su. } *My lord shall know how you behave.*
[To her.

Fan. } { *Arm'd in conscious innocence,*
} { *I despise your insolence.*

Kreigf. } { *Oomans, oomans, get ye hence ;*
} { *Curse your rude inbertinence.*

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. *Ab! my charmer, come with me,
Come, and taste felicity ;
Ev'ry fear and doubt shall cease,
Ev'ry hour bring joy and peace.*

Fan. *O! my lord---*

Fin. } *That confident kussy---*
Su. }

Kreigf. *I was here---*

Fin. } *Caressing his doxy.*
Su. }

Fan. *I know nothing---*

Fin. } *She's fallen in love, Sir.*
Su. }

Kreigf. *Aw! boor creature.*

Fin. } *They were embracing---*
Su. }

Fan. } *'Tis not true, 'tis not true---*
Kreigf. }

Fin. } *Sir 'tis true---'twas just so---*

Su. } *That's her fav'rite lover now.*

L. Bell.

L. Bell. *Embracing !*

Su. *Thus, my lord.*

L. Bell. *He her lover ?*

Fin. *'Pon my word.*

Su. *Punish her, Sir---*

Fin. *And send her away.*

Fan.

Fin.

Su.

Kreigf.

L. Bell. *Lovely creature, no more languish ;*

[To Fan.

(Foolish girls, I sent him here :

Go, and no more interfere.)

I am come to heal your anguish ; [To Fan.

Stop ! ah ! stop that starting tear.

Fin.

Su.

Kreigf.

Fan.

L. Bell.

Fin.

Su.

L. Bell.

Kriegf.

Fin.

Su.

L. Bell.

Fan.

L. Bell.

Fin.

Su.

L. Bell.

Kreigf.

Fin.

Su.

L. Bell.

Kreigf.

Sure he's crazy !

Dat is vel.

Send this soldier, Sir, away.

He bath some good news to tell.

No, my charmer, he must stay.

Muchgood may't do you, noble Sir : [To L. B.

Muchgood may't do you, blusterer. [To Kr.

Insolent wenches, hence, and leave us.

Is he so silly as not to believe us ! [Aside.

Give him your hand— [To Fanny,

No, no, away,

'Tis my command, you must obey.

Part them, Sir, see what they do. [To L. B.

Saucy wenches, hence, begone,

Learn a due respect to shew.

G

Fin.

42 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Fin.	}	<i>Let us leave them, come along.</i>
Su.		
Fin.	}	<i>'Tis provoking, can it be?</i>
Su.		<i>Well, he'll heartily repent.</i>
Fan.		<i>Must I know more misery!</i>
		<i>Will stern fortune ne'er relent?</i>
L. Bell.	}	<i>Come my dearest, you shall see,</i>
Kreigf.		<i>Pleasure, joy, and true content.</i>

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Parlour.*

Enter Lady Lucy, Sir JOHN and FINET.

L. Lu. Is this possible?

Fin. Indeed, my lady, it was just as I tell you. It would make one die with laughing, to think that my lord should pretend to be so much in love with Fanny, and then leave her with a foreign soldier.

Sir John. Surely his love cannot be so violent, as we imagined it to be.

Fin. A girl in low circumstances, with a pretty face, is sure to be mark'd out by intriguing men as a victim to ruin.

Sir John. Who can this soldier be?

Fin. I don't know. My lord and he seem to understand one another very well.

L. Lu. I suppose my brother has properly considered the affair, and provided a husband for her.

Sir John. The more I think of it, the more extraordinary it appears in every circumstance.

Fin. I take it to be so common a case, that I am not in the least surprized at it.

*" Some men with artful praise,
To girls will sigh and whine;
And vain ideas raise,
To serve a base design.*

44 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

*The flatter'd lass,
Consults her glass,
And on the object dwells :
Sees all her beauties blooming,
Fantastic airs assuming !
And growing more presuming,
Cries, Yes, 'tis truth he tells.*

*Seduc'd by wheedling and sighing,
If she prove kind and complying,
How soon the delusion appears !
The subtle deceiver,
In triumph will leave her,
Nor heed her reproaches and tears.*

*Young maids in time take warning,
Such sly deluders scorning ;
From flatt'ers turn your ear,
Disdain their tales to bear,
They never, never prove sincere."* [Exit.

L. Lu. I believe my governess judges very right ; what is your opinion, Sir John ?

Sir John. Tho' it may in general be too true, yet I could name a very strong proof of the contrary.

L. Lu. No doubt—you are sincerity and constancy itself.

Enter a SERVANT, with a Letter.

Serv. For your Ladyship. [Exit.

L. Lu. 'Tis my brother's hand, will you give me leave Sir John?—I see your name in the first line, so beg you will read it.

Sir John. (Reads.) " Let my sister's, and Sir John's happiness be no longer delay'd by scrupulous fears for my honour and conduct.

" Fanny is no longer a servant in this house,
 " but is otherwise provided for. My affections
 " are plac'd on a baroness, the daughter of an
 " eminent general; a woman of honour and
 " fortune. I shall soon introduce her; and in-
 " tend to compleat the ceremony this day: if
 " my friend's happiness may be confirm'd at
 " the same time, it will double that of

" Your Affectionate Brother,

" BELLMOUR."

Sir John. Blest fortune! May we rely on this?

L. Lu. You may---I know my brother's honour; he will not falsify his word.

Sir John. Then every obstacle is remov'd, and I am truly happy. Let us, my dearest love, prepare for the solemn union; and put it out of the power of chance, to disturb our felicity.

*Doubts and fears are gone,
 But sweet content remains;
 Sorrow away is flown,
 And love triumphant reigns.*

*In thy soft smiles, my fair,
 In those consenting eyes,
 I see the end of care,
 And pledge of future joys.* [Exit.

L. Lu. 'Tis a happiness, beyond expectation, to have these alarming fears so soon vanish: I could not have imagined, that my brother would thus easily have conquer'd his attachment. But who can this baroness be?

Enter

Enter SUSAN.

Su. Madam, has your ladyship heard the news?

L. Lu. What news?

Su. That my lord is going to be married to Fanny!

L. Lu. Pshaw! Foolish! Why do you think so?

Su. Because I was just now told, that he had ordered the steward to get every thing ready for a wedding, as fast as possible.

L. Lu. I know it--It is for mine.

Su. Indeed I was told for certain, that he ordered it for his own.

L. Lu. That may be too; for is he to be married to a lady of quality.

Su. La, madam! How can that be, when—

L. Lu. Pr'ythee never trouble thy inquisitive brain how it comes about; be satisfied that it is so.

Su. And Fanny—

L. Lu. Is otherwise disposed of—begone—I desire to be entertained no further, at present, either with her, or you.

Su. But, madam—

L. Lu. No more, I say; but vanish—I will not suffer the smallest doubt, to cloud the serene prospect of my present happiness.

*Soothing hopes excite me,
Happy hours invite me,
To banish ev'ry fear:
See love and joy attending,
Our constant hearts befriending,
A sweet reward prepare.*

[Exit.

Su.

Su. So, Miss Fanny ! Your high airs will be pull'd down at last ; my lord has no farther occasion for you.—I am glad of it—I thought how matters were going, when I saw my lord so intimate with the strange foldier—I would fain see her once again methinks ; I suppose I shall find her hankering about my Lord's dressing-room—It would be rude, not to bid the lady good bye—Yes—This is generally the end of all such conceited things, as have a better opinion of themselves, than any body else has !—A faucy minx, to pretend to set herself up above me, and steal every girl's sweetheart in the parish !—Oh ! here's Robin ; she inveigled him too : now she's sent packing, his dainty chops may come simpering to me again—and if he does—but hold—I'll make no rash resolutions, for fear of the worst.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Susan, is this true that I have heard ?

Su. And pray what is it you may have heard ?

Rob. Why, that my lord is going to be married to a great lady.

Su. Yes, it is very true. And is this all you have heard ?

Rob. Yes.

Su. Then I can tell you more news ; you may take leave of your fine miss Fanny.

Rob. Dear me, why so ?

Su. Because she is going to be married, and sent away the lord knows where.

Rob. Married !

Su. Yes—to an outlandish foldier—she must now learn to wash her own linnen ; and tuck up her
her

48 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

her coats and follow the army into foreign parts, thro' all weathers : it is much more befitting for her, than setting herself up for a fine lady.

Rob. How can you talk so cruelly ?—And where is she going ?

Su. Among the Mallots and Blackamoors, for aught I know.

Rob. I am sure I am very sorry for it.

Su. O ! poor fellow ! have you lost your deary ? Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! I am glad of it---I suppose, I shall soon have you come cringing to me again ; with a sorrowful face, and a whining tale—

Rob. And would you not take pity of me ?

Su. I can't promise that---I don't know---remember what a false hearted wretch you have been---but who knows what may happen ? A kind word may do something---yet I don't promise---No, no ; nor I don't deny---I am very good natur'd.

*My heart is soft, relenting,
And easy to regain ;
Your broken vows repenting,
A pardon may obtain.*

*Al ! poor forsaken fellow !
And must you wear the willow ?
Come, never pine and grieve,
Don't despair, I may forgive.* [Exit.

Rob. 'Tis very hard upon me, that I must lose my dear Fanny : but since she is gone, I am resolved, I will never break my heart after any woman again as long as I live.---If Susan won't

won't have me, I will look out for another ;
there is variety enough.

*I saw the black, the brown, and fair,
Each had charms a heart t'ensnare :
Prove they true, we blifs obtain ;
If deceitful, grief and pain :
He that takes a wife on chance relies,
In the dark his fortune tries ;
And lucky is he, that has a prize.* } [Exit.

SCENE II. A Parlour.

*Enter Lord BELLMOUR, KREIGSMAN, and a
SERVANT, with a Bottle and Glafs.*

L. Bell. Set down the wine, and leave us.
[Exit Servant.

Kreigsf. Dis is all good luck---Der Divel ! Vie
you nicht trinka ?

L. Bell. Pray excuse me ; I cannot in the
morning.

Kreigsf. De good rhine vine never hurt any
pody. [Drinks.

L. Bell. The dear girl, as yet, is ignorant of
her good fortune.

Kreigsf. Vere is she ?

L. Bell. She flew from us, and shut herself
up.

Kreigsf. I would see her, I wou'd sbake vid her.

L. Bell. She denied me admittance ; but I
have sent a woman to her, with whom she is
very intimate ; the very person who found her,
eighteen years ago.

Kreigsf. Aw ! Tas is right, *Mein Herr.*

H

L. Bell.

50 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

L. Bell. Her account agrees exactly, with that in the letters you have produc'd; and she has inform'd me of some particular circumstances I did not know before.

Kreigs. Vat pe dey?

L. Bell. When she was found an infant by the road side, my mother ordered her to be taken care of, and call'd her Fanny. At her death, she recommended her to mine, and my sister's care; I was too young to take any particular notice of the object, and the story was familiar to me: but when I return'd from my travels, I found her the most accomplish'd creature I ever saw.

Kreigs. She is her mother's picture. *Mein Badron,* have sent many letters, but could never hear of her; but ven his son vas tie, he tid send me to vind her.

L. Bell. (*Looking on the Papers.*) The mark on her neck!

Kreigs. I vish you choy of dat. [*Drinks.*]

L. Bell. The things found with her!

Kreigs. Choy of dat. [*Drinks.*]

L. Bell. The time, the place, all correspond, and fully prove, my dear Fanny, my lovely girl, a baroness.

Kreigs. Aw! prave English mans! *Mein Leeber Herr!* I wish you choy of all together. [*Drinks.*]

L. Bell. I am the happiest of mankind! The dearest wish of my heart is accomplish'd; I can marry her, without disgusting my family, or drawing on me the reproaches of the world—I fly to tell her—follow me— [*Exit.*]

Kreigs. I vil sbake vid her, and ten I will go tirectly to de general mein Badron, and vight de Durks—

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 51

Durks—I nicht live put ven I pe chopping off
de heads of de enemy.

Aw! vat a bleasure, choy, and telight,
Dis to be marching out to de vight;
Drenches pe open, foes be in sight:
Ven all de colours flying pefore,
And de loud dundering cannons do roar.

Quick to de preach ve mount sword in hand,
Cutting and flasing all dat withstand;
I pe most happy, ven I go vight,
Var is my bleasure, choy and telight. [Exit.

SCENE III. A Chamber.

Enter FANNY.

Fan. How am I agitated by a variety of passions! Fortune seems to sport with my anxieties.—Why am I here?—Yet my nurse spoke so urgent, so persuasive—'tis strange! Would I could see an end to—but I am the child of chance, and, bound by birth-right to endure her chastisements.

Enter SUSAN.

Su. Your ladyship's most obedient. Is there any services I can do for your ladyship, before your ladyship goes away?

Fan. Susan! I don't understand you—

Su. No! Sure your ladyship has a very pretty found with it—and my lord has a very pretty look—and your ladyship has a very pretty look—and I dare say, you would have made a very pretty couple.

52 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Fan. I don't know how I have deserv'd this treatment, I never injur'd you.

Su. It did not happen to be in your ladyship's power---and yet 'tis a pity---for you would have made a sweet mistress of a family---I hope tho' you won't settle a great way off---we shall see you sometimes !---Oh!---yonder is my lord---your lord I mean ; I beg your ladyship's pardon--you may have some private business together, before you go away for ever ; I am sorry I am obliged to make my visit so short. Your ladyship's most obedient humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Fan. How shall I behave---where shall I turn!

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. You are not going away, Fanny ?

Fan. I don't know, my lord, how---I am quite at a loss---yet I have been assur'd, on your lordship's honour, I might venture to come *here*, without apprehension of danger.

L. Bell. You may, indeed.

Fan. I wait your commands.

L. Bell. Why do you tremble ? I want you to get a nosegay.

Fan. Yes, my lord. [*Going.*]

L. Bell. You don't enquire who it is for ?

Fan. 'Tis my duty to obey, without asking questions.

L. Bell. Stay---you have more right to know it, than any person ; the nosegay is for my bride.

Fan. Alas!--- [*Sighs.*]

L. Bell. How ! Is my approaching happiness disagreeable to you ?

Fan.

Fan. No, my lord; 'tis my sincerest, my most earnest wish, and constant prayer; may you enjoy unbounded felicity. [*Going.*]

L. Bell. Stay, Fanny; should not you like to know, who is to be my bride?

Fan. I know she will be the happiest of women; it does not become me to enquire further.

L. Bell. You are more concern'd in it, than you at present imagine; she is a German baroness.

Fan. Permit me to depart.

L. Bell. Her name is Louisa; she is remarkably handsome; but the beauties of her mind, far exceed those of her person.

Fan. For pity's sake, let me go—

L. Bell. I love her with extreme fondness; and shall, as long as I live.

Fan. How cruel to detain me.

L. Bell. (*Kneels.*) You are my charming Louisa, the idol of my heart.

Fan. Are my misfortunes become the mark of publick sport; and can your noble heart descend to mock me?

L. Bell. By the bright flame that glows within my bosom, 'tis truth I tell you—Oh! stop those tears.

Fan. Let them plead for me; let them excite your compassion, for a helpless orphan; expos'd to all the insults of cruel fortune, and persecuted by every means, that malice and envy can invent. Let me conjure you, my lord, in the name of your honoured mother—think of the noble precepts she taught; think of her dying request; and cease, Oh! cease, to torment me.

L. Bell.

L. Bell. By the dear memory of her, you have invok'd, I do not, cannot attempt to deceive you; you were born a lady.

Fan. It cannot be; 'tis beyond probability!—

L. Bell. Your name is Louisa; your father is a baron, and an eminent general; he sent the officer you saw, to search for you: come with me, he is ready to clear every doubt, by the most convincing proofs.

Fan. Do not, my honour'd lord, delude, or betray me—My heart throbs—What can I think?—What can I say?—

L. Bell. Be chearful, my dearest love; think it the reward of Heaven for your steady virtue; say, you will consent to be mine, and make me the happiest of mortals.

Fan. Am I not Fanny? Am I not your servant?

L. Bell. You are my Louisa, the beloved of my heart.

Fan. May I believe? May I give way to hope?

L. Bell. Depend upon my honour, my sincerity, my love.

Fan. Yet I fear—

L. Bell. Banish your fears; the proofs are waiting to convince you, that your consent is all that is wanting to compleat our felicity.

Fan. I fear you have read too plainly the sentiments of my unexperienced heart—I will no longer hesitate, but rely upon your honour.

L. Bell. Thus let me seize your hand, as the dear, dear pledge of every joy.

D U E T T O.

DUETTO.

- L. Bell. " *The merchant fraught with treasure,
By restless billows tost ;
At length beholds with pleasure,
His wish'd for destin'd coast :
On dangers past he thinks no more,
But fondly eyes the welcome shore.*
- Fan. *From noxious dews descending,
The lilly clos'd all night ;
Itself from blasts defending,
Preserves its native white :
At morn unfolds its snow white leaves,
And vital heat and strength receives."*
- L. Bell. *In thee each wish obtaining,*
 Fan. *No more of fate complaining,*
 Both. *What language can impart ?
The transports of my heart !*
- L. Bell. *A thousand raptures fill my breast,
They glow intense in ev'ry vein ;*
 Fan. *Shall my tortur'd mind have rest ?
Shall I know an end of pain ?*
- L. Bell. *Sorrow now no more shall wound thee,
Love and peace shall hover round thee.*
- Fan. *Joys unknown, now fill my breast,*
Joys too great to be express'd ;
Am I with a parent blest !
- L. Bell. *O what transports fill my breast ;*
Joys too great to be exprest :
Of my utmost wish possrest.
- Both. *Fortune relenting,
Fond hearts consenting ;
Frore ev'ry blessing,
Mortals can know :*

Thus

56 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

*Thus to behold thee,
Thus to enfold thee ;
Joys past expressing,
Ever shall flow.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Grand Hall.*

*Enter Lady Lucy, and Sir John, FINET, SUSAN,
and ROBIN.*

L. Lu. It is not possible—I cannot believe it,—my brother would not attempt so gross an imposition.

Sir John. I am unwilling to think he would, after the assurances he has given.

Fin. My lord and Fanny, have been in his dressing-room some time.

Su. They are just gone very lovingly together into the parlour, where the soldier is.

Fin. I will engage it will prove so.

Su. I am sure of it.

Rob. Now 'tis my thoughts, my lord is too much of a gentleman to play tricks.

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. Every thing is prepared ; let us conclude the ceremony without more delay.

L. Lu. Where is your bride ?

L. Bell. She is at hand.

Sir John. My lord, I cannot help looking on this affair in a very serious light.

L. Bell. A few moments shall convince you, that I agree to your opinion ; and am going to produce the proof of it.

[Exit.]

Sir John.

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 57

Sir John. I cannot help observing, that there is something very mysterious in all this.

L. Lu. After his public declaration, I have not a doubt remaining.

“ Thus the sun at morn appearing,
Darts around a splendid ray;
All the face of nature cheering,
Drives the gloomy shades away,
In promise of a glorious day.”

A Door opens in the Back SCENE.

Enter FANNY, banded by Lord BELLMOUR, and KREIGSMAN. An old Woman following them.

Fin. There, my lady !

Su. There, Sir ! just as I said.

L. Lu. Imposing, deceitful man ! [*To. L. B.*

Sir John. Is this, my lord, the behaviour of a man of honour ? 'Tis an insult that demands---

L. Bell. If you find it such, you shall have ample satisfaction. This is the German baroness ; these testimonials will prove it beyond a doubt.---(*Gives the letters to Lady Lucy, and Sir John*). This woman has the things which were found with her, and they answer in the minutest article : examine them attentively, and act as reason shall direct.

[*L. Lucy, Sir John, and the old Woman retire.*

Kreigsf. I rememper (Vat do you call dat ting dere) it vas lose vid de child ven vee march of a sudden in the tark night ; and if any pody

I

tout

58 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

tout de druth of it, Der divel! I vil broof it, us becomes ein good soldier.

[Takes hold of his Sword.

Fin. O! I believe it, Sir!

Su. And so do I!

Rob. For my part---I always thought she was a lady, and too good for me: Well, Susan, shall we make up our quarrel, and do as our betters do?

Su. I think I may as well take you now you are in the mind, or may hap you may slip thro' my fingers again.

L. Lu. These proofs are incontestable.

Sir John. My lord, I am fully satisfied, and ask your pardon.

Kreigf. Der divel! I pe an honest German, and veer a sword.

L. Lu. I need not repeat what my objections were, and am sincerely glad they are removed: I always lov'd her, and will most cordially continue it. May you be truly happy in each other.

Sir John. Accept, my lord, my hearty congratulations; let us be solemnly united, and forget the anxieties of the few past hours.

L. Bell. I join in every wish for our general happiness; nor can I doubt its proving truly so. Love, when founded on virtue, ensures felicity in marriage. Come, my love, my bride; foregoing pains give a double relish to succeeding pleasures.

Fan. I would willingly do my duty by all; but my heart is still wavering between fear and joy, and I cannot express as I ought, my acknowledgments of your favours: my future

ture behaviour must convince you, I am not undeserving of your good opinions.

FINALE.

L. Bell. *My Charmer's hand thus pressing,
I'm ev'ry bliss possessing,
In thee, my dearest love.*

Fan. *My heart with joy overflowing,
With gratitude now glowing,
Shall ever humble prove.*

L. Lu. *A sister's love sincere,
I hope you won't refuse.*

Sir John. *Not knowing who you were,
Mademoiselle, pray excuse---*

Kreigf. *(She's nicht Mamzell
She is a German---)*

Fan. *I'll constantly endeavour,
To deserve your love and favour,
Your affection and regard.*

Fin. } *Forgive us, good my lady.*

Su. } *Your pardon's seal'd already.*

Fan. *Your pardon's seal'd already.*

Rob. *Oh! pray forgive me too,
For daring to love you;
Forgive for Charity.*

Fan. *I thank, and will reward,
Your care and honesty.*

CHORUS.

*Love, when constant hearts unite,
Rewards their pangs with true delight:
To make the gen'rous passion last,
Let truth, and virtue, bind it fast.*

END OF THE OPERA.

TABLE of the SONGS.

	Page
H O W delightful is the morning	1
When you discover	2
When men pursuing	id.
I did not mean the love	3
Oh ! how cruel is my fate	5
While her charms my thoughts employ	8
Search thro' the world Sir	id.
Love and beauty mildly reigning	id.
* Bring, ye tedious hours	12
I hate a proud & saucy flirt	15
See a poor, a friendless creature	17
Come dire revenge inspire me	18
Forlorn I wander (Quintetto)	20
Where is my dearest Fanny gone	23
Ah ! my Fanny, thy true swain	26
Dere pe de drumbets, horns, and trums	27
Tho' in my breast contending	28
Thro' the key-hole I was peeping (Duetto)	30
I know his soul disdains	31
Off, my Lord ; pray forbear, let me go	33
Come and see the lovely creature	36
Come balmy sleep	37
Madam, we have seen it all (Quintetto)	39
* Some men with artful praise	43
Doubts and fears are gone	45
Soothing hopes excite me	46
My heart is soft, relenting	48
I saw the black, the brown, and fair	49
Aw ! vat a bleasure, choy, and telight	51
The merchant fraught with treasure (Duetto)	55
* Thus the sun at morn appearing	57
My charmer's hand thus pressing (Finale)	59
Love, when constant hearts unite (Chorus)	ib.

N. B. The Three Songs marked thus * were not originally in this Opera ; but are the Composition of the same Master.